

Lloyd Banks

"Can U Dig It"

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feat. French Montana

Look how far I done got, they wanna get like me
Realest motherfucker ever, dawg, I just might be
Couple ladies on my right, and on my left like three

Think I'm high as you can go, give me death by weed
I'd rather settle my success than be depressed by
greed
I'm doin more than triple on em, nothing less, top
speed
I'm doin all the sugars on em, I'm the best, buy weed
Eight at my table and the rest Dom P
Born to be on top, I won't stop until my respect paid
New York City love me, I've been rapping for a decade
It's spending money season, though I ball out every
check, mate
Came a long way from prayin to God that my cassette
play
They throwin pussy at me, I catch it with one hand
Toss it, hot potato, while I lay low with the fam
Today I'm on the creep, 90K on my sedan
Countin down the days they let my ace up out the can

[Hook]

Marksman, lay it down, I don't love her
Yeah, I've got a thing for victory and money by the
color
Shorty said she want to have me, she can have the
rubber
Nigga can you dig that? Cause I ain't never dug her
I'm a cold motherfucker, I do it for the gutter
I can't wait to let her go, and you're the one to cuff her
I'm stuntin on them chumps, let them niggas suffer
I'm a cold motherfucker

I be talkin to them bitches like I'm Pepe King
Bitch back up, money stack up like 8'10
Soccer boy, kick your bitch out with a scissor kick
I be stackin green, nigga, on some lizard shit
Wrist rocked up nigga, on some blizzard shit

Tell your bitch protect her neck on some RZA shit
Hoppin out that window, that chain out, that MAC out
They told me bring my chain out, New York City is
blacked out
I said it's blacked out, don't make me back out
Hundred rounds of clips, smiling
Don't make me bring that mask out
I've got a Banks truck in my back pocket
9,000 watts on my chain, where's the socket?
I've got them 8 balls, nigga, where's the pocket? What
you got?
I've got them 8 balls, nigga, where's the pocket?
Suicide doors, think a nigga gone crazy
Dirty Sprite poured, think it got me moving lazy

[Hook]

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Platinum spaceships spill out on my scene, shit
Karate kid, put a bitch out with the clean kick
Purple weed and yellow bitches make my brain tick
Royal light blue colors, peep my aura as my chain hits
He can add a 0 or just calm my ego
They think I'm cheating with the raps..
I'll give up all I've got before I starve my people
Nigga your skin thin as Hell you let the bargains reach
you
She cool as hell, I drop her off she back to snotty
I've got a chick to tap for every tattoo on my body
Pick a model, she gonn top me down
Backstreet or the lobby
Every finger rocky now, athlete when I party
Catch me rollin out Maserati
Pockets holding out... endo, probably
Look at how she poke it out, she wanna pop me
I sat her down an broke em out ungh, sloppy

[Hook]

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